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ALL THE NEWS OF THE WEEK IN
PICTURES. See Inside.



THE AWKWARD SQUAD.

Returns published last week show that the recruiting problem grows increasingly serious. The ranks must be filled. The question is: How? Lord Roberts' schemes for popularising the Volunteers and civilian rifle clubs have not received the support which a patriotic nation should have given. Must Conscription follow?

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DIGESTION**

**GOOD
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EVERY PAIR GUARANTEED.
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NEW COUNTY ARCADE, LEEDS
ANDAT CORPORATION ST.
MANCHESTER.

BESPOKE BOOT FACTORY.
RUSHDEN, NORTHAMPTON.

THE LAST FEW DAYS.

NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Nation and the Army.

Following on the statements in the daily papers last week that it has been found necessary to disband no fewer than ten battalions of infantry, in order to keep the other battalions of the same regiments up to their normal strength, and the reports of the Auditor-General on fresh war stores scandal, we should like to draw attention to the thoughtful article on "The Nation and the Army," by the Earl of Erroll, in this month's *Nineteenth Century Review*.

Lord Erroll says:

"It is gratifying to note that the speech delivered by Lord Roberts in January last before the members of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, in which he stated in plain terms that the country was living in a fool's paradise, as well as his exposition of the views of the National Service League, have found some echo in the Press even if they have produced little effect on the minds of the public. It presents a curious illustration of the apathy of our countrymen that so serious an indictment,

Commander-in-Chief is now conducting with a view of impressing upon all ranks of society our unpreparedness to engage in a serious war is perhaps of equal value to any of his successes in the field, and its ultimate results can hardly be overestimated should it succeed in arousing the Man in the Street to a sense of his personal responsibility for the maintenance and safety of the Empire.

"The education of the public as to the necessity of some form of universal training is of the first importance. Political parties will do nothing in this direction till coerced by a properly-instructed public opinion.

"The recent criticisms of the Japanese as to the unpreparedness of our Army for war ought to provide us with food for reflection. It is always an advantage to see ourselves as others see us, even if it does not conduce to our national vanity. The Japanese are a practical people. We are so no longer. They take the necessary precautions and make the necessary sacrifices that

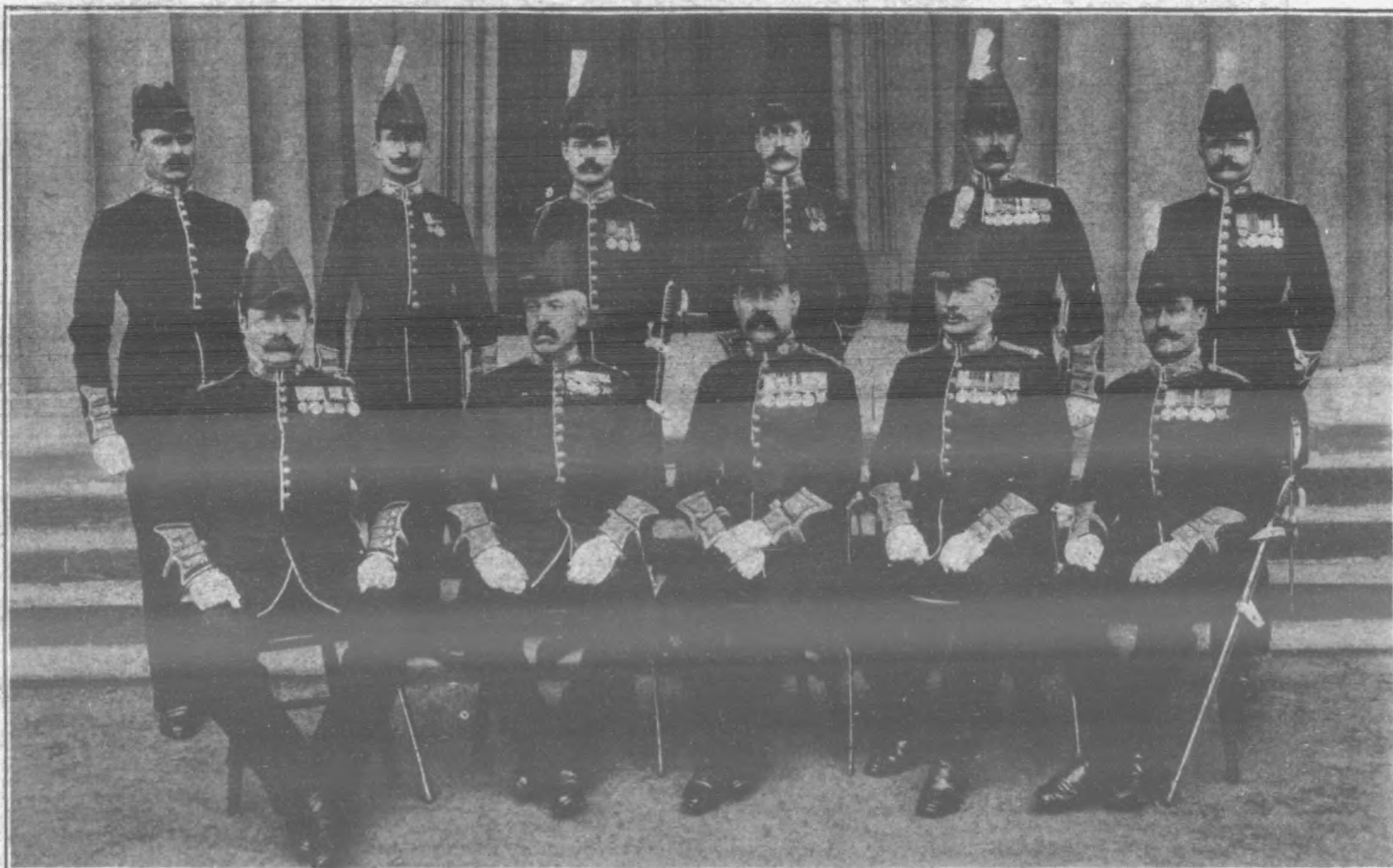


Photo, Clarke & Hyde.

DRIVING AN OSTRICH TEAM: A quaint scene in California.

of Europe has absolutely changed since those days. Now, far from quarrelling with or resenting the frankness of our allies, we ought to be grateful to them for expressing openly their candid opinion of our shortcomings. Nothing can be gained by concealing these things

"These home truths of our allies are, perhaps, a trifle irritating, yet their sting lies only in their truth. There is humour, too, in our being lectured by this vigorous and practical people, who have all the confidence of youth, and who, two or three years ago, we used to patronize.



Photo, Ball.

UNIQUE GROUP OF THE QUARTERMASTERS OF THE GUARDS' BRIGADE IN FULL DRESS.

Lieut. F. Walker, Lieut. L. W. Adderley, Lieut. J. Robinson, Lieut. G. Gooding, Lieut. J. Library, Lieut. J. W. Cook,
Scots Guards (Depot). 3rd Bat. Scots Guards. 1st Bat. Gren. Guards. 1st Bat. Cold. Guards. 2nd Bat. Scots Guards. 3rd Bat. Gren. Guards.
Lieut. J. Fowles, Lieut. W. Johnson, Capt. R. Grindel, Capt. W. Garton, Capt. G. Payne,
1st Bat. Irish Guards. 3rd Bat. Cold. Guards. 2nd Bat. Cold. Guards. 2nd Bat. Gren. Guards. 1st Bat. Scots Guards.

coming from such an authoritative source, should fail to carry conviction to the minds of all thinking men, and seems to justify the contention of the Gravedigger in 'Hamlet' that all Englishmen are mad. The campaign which the late

they may be strong in the hour of trial. We trust to luck to pull us through somehow. So far, our luck has been that, since Waterloo, we have never come in contact with a first-class Power, although our relative military strength to the Powers

from ourselves. There is no use hiding our heads in the sand like the ostrich, and hoping no one will kick us. The more our weakness is exposed the greater is the chance of its being recognised by the country, and even being rectified in time.

I believe that it has been officially and tactfully contradicted, and that our diplomatic sense of propriety has been satisfied. I think, however, it was Mr. Gladstone who on one occasion said, 'You can't unpull a man's nose.'



Photos, Bolak.

MERRY-MAKING IN THE SUNNY SOUTH: Costumes and cars at the Carnival at Cannes.



THE ROYAL CHRISTENING AT ESHER LAST SUNDAY: 1. The Royal party leaving the church after the ceremony. 2. The first photograph of the infant daughter of Princess Alexander of Teck, taken at Claremont.

"the Little Corporal," General Gatacre to his soldiers was "Bill Back-acher," a testimony to his powers of getting the most work out of "Tommy Atkins."

With his men, although he taxed them to the utmost, General Gatacre was extremely popular, for he never asked them to do what he was unwilling to do himself.

That General Gatacre should have died in Egypt, where his chief honours were won, was an end that was not unfitting.



Actress who Defied the Tsar: The daring of Mlle. Robine, the pretty French actress, is at present the talk of St. Petersburg. At the annual ceremony of the blessing of the waters of the Neva she took up a position in front of the soldiery, facing the Tsar. Nicholas sent an aide-de-camp to request her to retire, but this the actress refused to do. The officer returned to the Tsar, announcing that the lady was a Frenchwoman, and that she refused to stir, at which Nicholas exclaimed, laughingly, "Then let her be! If she is French, we can do nothing with her."

Motor-Car Quick-Firer.

Captain Aymer Maxwell, Sir Herbert Maxwell's only son, recently had a thrilling adventure while motoring with friends near Monreith for duck-shooting.

The car caught fire so suddenly and so completely, says the Ladies' Field, that there was only just time to jump out.

Hasty flight was necessary, for the 300 ball cartridges carried in the car exploded in every direction, and there was not even time to remove all the guns.

VENICE CARNIVAL.

Battles of Roses Between Gondolas.

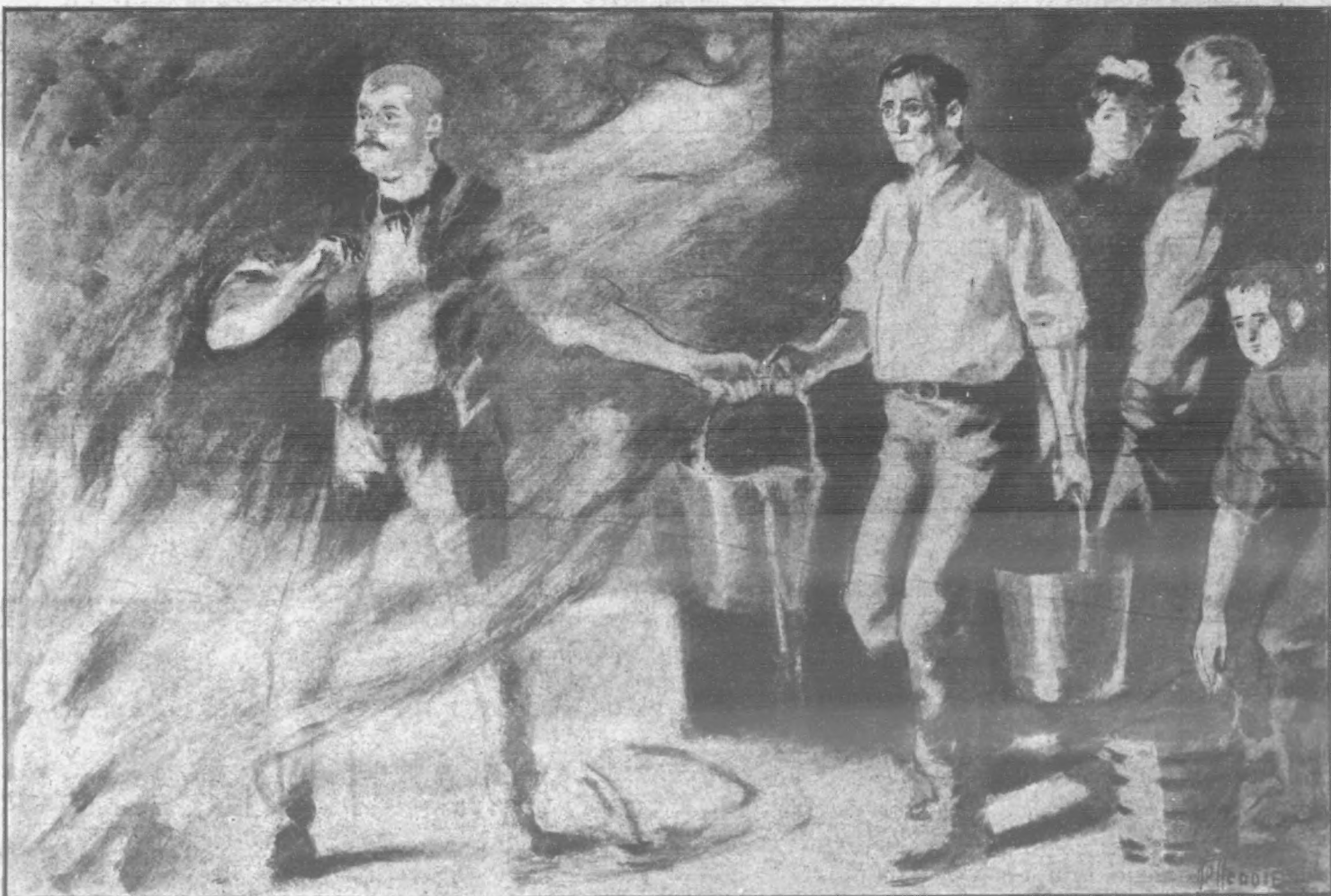
The annual carnivals have just taken place at Nice, Cannes, Venice, and other places on the Continent. An eye-witness of the festivities at Venice says:

At night the canals presented a magnificent spectacle, their waters multiplying the myriad lights from hundreds of illuminated gondolas. Instead of the melancholy songs of the gondolieri, the merry tunes of the valses and of the traditional carnival songs—legacies from bygone ages—floated across the waters from the houses of rich and poor. The "smart set" of Venice, who for the last few weeks had deserted the town for their country residences, had returned again to the palazzi to close the season with the pomp and merriment so dear to the Venetian.

Gondola after gondola glided along the canals, filled with a masked crowd of ladies and gentlemen attired in fancy dresses inspired by the Orient, and reminding one of the tales in "A Thousand and One Nights." The melodious tinkle of guitar and mandoline mingled with the not less harmonious peals of merry laughter of the joyous throngs in the boats.

Here a dark-haired damsel, clad in the costume of an Eastern princess, and enveloped in a large purple cloak, the charm of her features and the sparkle of her deep black eyes accentuated rather than concealed by the velvet mask, began to bombard the occupants of a passing gondola with roses, and soon was in the very midst of a battle of flowers and badinage. From the balconies of the neighbouring palazzi others join in the battle, until the gondolas and their occupants are covered in a shower of flowers. Then a merry farewell, and on they go to their respective destinations, the richly-decorated ball-rooms or the gay restaurants, where the picturesque groups continued their pastimes of dancing and flirtation till the breaking dawn reminded them of the journey homewards.

Meantime the gondoliers have had their share of the carnival fun in the servants' halls, or they have rowed out with gorgeous bouquets to their belles, and taken them for a trip to a public dancing place, enjoying the



LORD ESHER AS FIREMAN: The coolness and energy of Lord and Lady Esher and their two daughters, combined with the exertions of the household servants, saved Orchard Lea, Windsor Forest, from complete destruction by fire. When it was discovered that the wood-work under the fireplace of one of the bedrooms was in a blaze, Lord Esher at once organised a fire brigade, the members being everybody in the house. All the pails and buckets available were requisitioned for service.

festivals not less than their masters, if in a more noisy fashion.

The dawn breaks in the east over the waves of the sea, gradually the sound of merriment dies away, and Venice goes to rest. In a black gondola a young Italian, dressed in the dark cloak of a Spanish knight, sings a serenade to his lady-love to the accompaniment of a guitar, the melancholy accents floating sweetly over the waters as he tells his beloved of the sincerity of his affection.

A fair, white figure appears for a moment, leaning over the balcony, and drops a white rose into the gondola. The amorous suitor has one more pledge.

Death of General Gatacre.

It is with regret that we announce the death, at Gambela, in the Upper Soudan, of Major-General Sir William Gatacre, K.C.B., D.S.O.

General Sir William Gatacre, the hero of the Chitral and Soudan campaigns, and "the man who led at Stormberg," was one of the most popular and distinguished—and at the same time most unlucky—of the nation's soldiers (says the *Evening News*).

At the time of his appointment to his high rank he was one of the youngest of our generals, and his unexpected death at the comparatively early age of sixty-three robs the British Army of one of its finest leaders.

Just as Napoleon was known as



A Marvellous Make-up: Mr. Norman McKinnell as "Pan," at the Royal Court Theatre.



ANNIVERSARY OF THE KING'S WEDDING: To-morrow (Saturday) is the forty-third anniversary of the marriage of our King and Queen. These photos show the Royal couple in their wedding dress.

From Actress to Aristocrat.

The Story of Some Stage Beauties who have Married into the Peerage.

The recent marriage of Miss Eva Carrington to Lord de Clifford and Miss Frances Belmont to Lord Ashburton draws attention to the large number of actresses who have married peers.

In addition to the two newly-created actress-peers, there are now



Photo, Edis.

The latest portrait of Lord and Lady Headfort, nee Miss Rosie Boote of the Gaiety Theatre.

four others—the Marchioness of Headfort, the Countess of Clancarty, the Countess of Orkney, and the Countess of Rosslyn; and it is a remarkable thing that, with the exception of the last-named, all have been actresses on the lighter stage, two of them, indeed, the Marchioness of Headfort and the Countess of Orkney, being associated with one theatre, the Gaiety.

While two actress-peers in a week constitute a record, the alliance between the Stage and the Peerage is a very old one. In our own time the most illustrious example of an actress of the aristocracy is, of course, Miss Louisa Fairbrother, who was married to the late Duke of Cambridge. It was a morganatic marriage, it is true, but it was a very happy marriage, for the old Duke was devoted to the lady, who was known during her life as Mrs. FitzGeorge. Their sons, Rear-Admiral Sir Adolphus FitzGeorge and Colonel Sir Augustus FitzGeorge, it will be noticed, bear their mother's name.

Next in importance is Harriet Mellon, who, on the death of her husband, Mr. Thomas Coutts, in 1815, married the Duke of St. Albans. Mr. Coutts was the richest commoner in England, and, although he left his wife his enormous fortune unconditionally, she behaved generously to her step-children, settling a large sum of money on them for life, and she adopted the lady who is now held in such high esteem as the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and made her her heiress.

Miss Julia Fortescue (Lady Gardner) was in her day the leading lady of the old Olympic Theatre and

afterwards the manageress of the Lyceum; while Miss Maria Foote (Countess of Harrington) was another well-known exponent of what in the old days used always to be and is still sometimes called the "legitimate" drama. A comedian pure and simple was Mary Bolton, and there is a story that she first attracted the attention of Lord Thurlow when she was playing the part of a chamber-maid with a blackened face—a proof at once of her fascination and her skill.

Who is there at all acquainted with the history of popular songs who does not know "Pretty Polly Perkins of Paddington Green"? The original of that exceedingly popular song was Miss Kitty Stephens, the daughter of a tradesman at Paddington Green, who married the fifth Earl of Essex in 1838.

From a theatrical family whose name still lingers on our stage came Miss Louisa Brunton, whose father, after being a grocer in Drury Lane, became an actor of sufficient eminence to appear as Hamlet at Covent Garden. Extremely handsome and striking in appearance, with features expressive of archness and vivacity, she had a vogue in her day, but retired on her marriage. Lord Craven died in 1825, but his widow did not

son was kept secret, so that there is even some doubt in the minds of the authorities as to the exact date on which it was solemnised. Happily, there is no doubt that the marriage did take place, or the Earl's repusa-

Countess to have unwelcome attentions paid to her. One of her admirers was a tenor whom the Earl caned and then compelled to beg her pardon on his knees. This act caused the Earl of Chesterfield to

was the great exponent of fine ladies of her day, and so great an influence did she wield on the stage that it was said that after her retirement comedy degenerated into farce. It is an interesting fact that the Earl of Derby made her his wife in little more than six weeks after his first wife died.

Miss Lavinia Fenton, whose portrait by Hogarth is in the National Gallery, was the daughter of a coffee-house-keeper in the Old Bailey. She was the Polly Peachum of Gay's "Beggar's Opera," the work which, it is said, "made Gay rich and Rich gay." When she was at the height of her popularity the Duke of Bolton went to hear her, fell in love with her, proposed, was accepted and married, all in the course of a very few days; and if the new peeresses are as happy as Miss Fenton is said to have been, they will certainly have no cause to regret that they gave up wearing sham coronets on the stage for real ones in the House of Lords.

Bride from the Dock.

The police-court at Westmount, Quebec, has been the scene of a charming romance, writes the Montreal correspondent of the *Express*.

Hilda Sjoberg, a pretty young Swede, was about to be sentenced to imprisonment for theft, when William Brown, a youthful Canadian, proposed to her in a loud voice, and offered, if her sentence were remitted, to marry her as soon as a licence and a minister could be found.

The magistrate thought that the domestic fireside might prove a more abiding correction than the company of convicts, so he suspended sentence pending the fulfilment of the lover's pledge.

The girl did not reject the offer, so time was given for preparation. That evening at seven o'clock in the court-room a clergyman performed the marriage ceremony.

The girl left the building a happy bride instead of a convicted felon.



BRITAIN'S "ALIEN" BEEF: The photograph shows a common sight on the pampas of the Argentine Republic, where thousands of cattle are annually lassoed and slaughtered by gauchos for the English market. In 1902, 150,091 tons of frozen meat were exported from the Argentine, the United Kingdom alone paying £2,750,000 for her share of this "Alien" beef.



MURDERED BRITISH OFFICERS: Sir Frederick Lugard, in a telegram to the Colonial office regarding the rising in Northern Nigeria, states that Major Burdon, the Resident at Sokoto, reports that there is no doubt of the truth of the news already sent that three British officers have been killed. The total of native troops killed is given as twenty-five, and the disaster is attributed to the horses bolting and breaking the square.

die until 1860, having completely outlived her reputation.

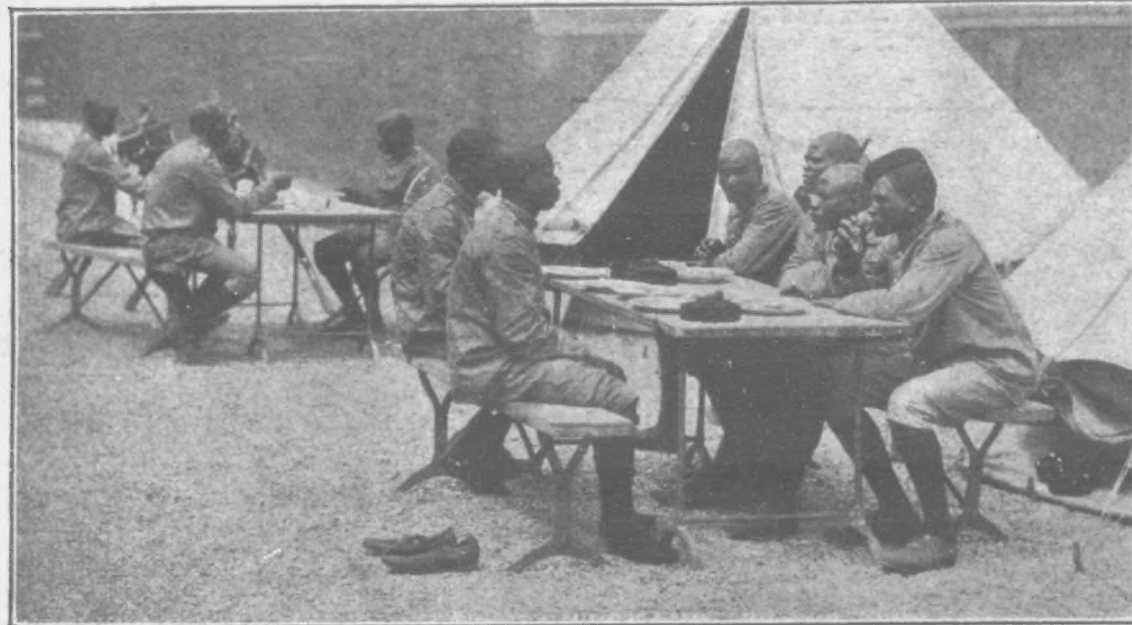
While the marriage of most of these actresses was at once proclaimed to the world, that of the Earl of Peterborough with Miss Anastasia Robin-

tion as the "ramblingest lying rogue on earth," to use Swift's words, would have been used by his and the lady's detractors at the time. The result of the world's not being taken into their confidence caused the

call his cousin of Peterborough "an old Don Quixote." Naturally, the words led to a challenge, but, happily, the duel was prevented by the civil authorities.

While all the other actresses contented themselves with one peer, Miss Fanny Braham, the daughter of the great singer John Braham, had two titled husbands, and, in addition, two commoners. She was only eighteen when she married Mr. Waldegrave. He died the same year, and the following year she married the Seventh Earl of Waldegrave. Very soon after the ceremony he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for assault, and she went to live with him in the Queen's Bench Prison. In 1846 he died, and in 1847 she married Mr. George Granville Harcourt, the eldest son of the Archbishop of York. There was a great disparity between them, for he was sixty-two at the time, and she was only twenty-six. For fourteen years they lived together, and during that time she made her reputation as a great hostess, for, as Sir William Gregory said, "No great lady held her head higher or more rigorously ruled her society." Mr. Harcourt died in 1861, and in 1863 she married Lord Carlinton, with whose political career she identified herself, and her house at Strawberry Hill was, until her death in 1879, one of the chief meeting-places of the Liberal party.

"The lovely and accomplished Miss Farren," as Colman calls her,



THE TROUBLE IN NIGERIA: Types of the native police who have been mobilising in force to quell the recent rising.



Princess and Circus-Rider, Princess Fehim, nee Morgan: Before her marriage the Princess, who is an American, was known as Margaret Morgan. Prince Fehim saw her giving her bareback riding performance, fell in love with her, and married her.



THE FIRST MOTOR AMBULANCE: The new ambulance in use by the Metropolitan Asylums Board.

Photo, Photo Press.

Famous Engine Doomed.

After having been preserved as a relic at Swindon works since the abolition of the broad-gauge track in 1892, the engine Lord of the Isles has been condemned to the scrap heap. She was the last remaining loco-

gauge locomotive raced against time from Bristol to Paddington—the limits of the then existing line—a distance of 117 miles.

This urgent journey was to enable a Bill to be deposited in Parliament before the House adjourned; and,

than £1,000,000—is left to his son, Mr. Gilliat Edward Hatfield, absolutely.

The daughters are provided for by bequests of £30,000 to £75,000 each.

The Exchequer will benefit by more than £119,000 from this estate.

P.I.P. SNAPSHOTS.

"Motor Notes. Looking Backwards" is a morning paper heading. Most motorists are too cautious; their victims might recognise them.

A young Englishman of aristocratic birth has just married a rich American girl, partly, he states, "to enable him to help the poor." No doubt he is an advocate of self-help.

An American paper announces: "General servant wanted, small house, family of two, one agreeable and obliging." It is not recorded which member of the family is the agreeable and obliging one.

Authorities of the Guildhall School of Music are endeavouring to have a "refuge" for pedestrians provided on the Embankment opposite John Carpenter Street. Can it be that pedestrians seek refuge from the music?

It is refreshing to find the American Press confining itself to actuality. In the case of a Mormon marriage, for instance, we read that Jane M. Barnaby has just taken an eighth interest in William P. Smithers.

A schoolmasters' congress in Louisville, U.S.A., has proposed to alter the spelling of certain words as a concession to backward children. For example: "Buziness" for busi-



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

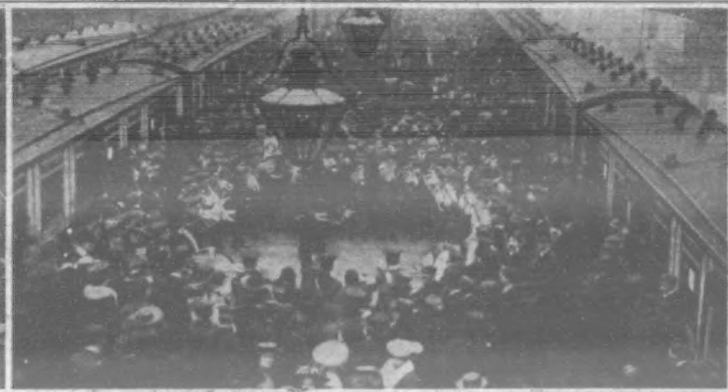
Saved by a Dog: The intelligent little beast who woke an Upton Park household by his whining, and so saved six persons from death by asphyxiation.

ness, "enuf" for enough, "fether" for feather, "ruf" for rough, "trauf" for trough, "tung" for tongue. Louisville evidently means business, and it is enuf to make the hart of a lad rejoice to find there is a prospect of his native tung being written as sensible folk ought to rite it.

There is an article in the *World's Work* entitled "How to Treat a Chauffeur." We should imagine it rather depended upon his taste for liquor.

From a provincial newspaper: "For sale, splendid musical-box, by a lady about to cross the Atlantic in a rosewood case." We should have thought the lady could have found a more comfortable method of transit.

CRITICUS.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

A FRESH START: A number of Salvation Army emigrants left last week. Many of the men are country bred, and go to farms in Canada. The photographs show the scenes upon their departure. A panic was caused as the ship was leaving Liverpool by her stern crashing with tremendous force into a landing stage. This delayed the departure for many hours.

tive of Brunel's famous "white elephant" railroad.

Designed sixty-four years ago by the late Sir Daniel Gooch, the Lord of the Isles, with her big driving wheels, tall chimney, and abundant brasswork, stood as the model of all subsequent broad-gauge express engines.

She remained a monument to British engineering genius, for after her last journey had been run she was sent on show to the Chicago World's Fair and the great Paris Exhibition, gaining medals at both.

In these days of great locomotives and long non-stop journeys people are apt to look down upon the early engines. The broad-gauge engines, however, certainly had the quality of speed.

It is still handed on as a tradition among Great Western veterans now, in the early forties, a broad-

so the legend runs, the distance was covered in just over an hour.

Nest of Pythons.

An extraordinary adventure befel Mr. Charles and Mr. William Theobald at Mysore while out shooting game for the Prince of Wales.

Coming across a cavity in the bank of a stream one of them peeped in and saw something lying there, which, after a few seconds, was recognised as a python.

The mouth of the hole was enlarged to admit the hand, and the snake's tail was seized, and both men tugged at it till the python was dragged out. Then it was seized by the head, round which a piece of cloth was tied.

The Theobalds had another peep into the hole, and were surprised to see another python. This also was soon captured and placed with the first.

They were about to leave the place, when a man called out that there was yet another python in the hole. This one, after some tugging, was pulled out and tied, and, to the surprise of the two young men, they found that there were still more left. They hauled the remainder out with the exception of one, which retreated inwards and could not be reached.

Five pythons were captured in all, and they were with difficulty carried to a dogcart and brought into Mysore. They are all young, and about ten to twelve feet long.

Such a large haul has not been known before.

Millions from Smoke.

Estate of the gross value of £1,321,821 was left by the late Mr. Gilliat Hatfield, of Morden Hall, Morden, Surrey, and of Messrs. James Taddy and Co., tobacco and snuff manufacturer.

The bulk of the property—more



Photo, Scintille.

A Royal Mountaineer: The Duke of Abruzzi, who is about to set out on an African expedition the main object of which is to climb the little-known mountain Ramenzor, which is 16,000 feet high.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

To link up Kingston, Surbiton, and Ditton, the Kingston electric tramways were opened last week by the Mayor, who is seen in the picture on the right, in his chain of office, driving the first car. Sir Clifton Robinson, the managing director of the London United Tramways, was seriously injured by a car on which he travelled colliding with a brewer's dray during the opening trip on Kingston Hill.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

When Wales beat Scotland, under Association rules last year, all the world wondered, and even in face of that success, the prophets were, almost to a man, in favour of the Scots' chances this season. But gallant little Wales again rose to the occasion on Saturday last, and won by 2 goals to nil, at Tynecastle Park, Edinburgh. This double victory should encourage the Welshmen to even greater things in the future. Who shall say that they will not gain

remaining two were drawn. In the Second Division, the results worked out very differently, as no home club suffered defeat, and the Southern League games were similarly immune from a reverse to the teams who were playing on their own grounds.

Woolwich Arsenal, of the First League clubs, are displaying the most surprising form, their last two matches having yielded 10 goals without one being notched against them. Last Saturday they had Birmingham

day by 3 goals to 1, but the game was far from scientific, and hard knocks were too frequent to be pleasant. The other Sheffield club, the United, were at home to Notts Forest, who badly beat them by 4 goals to 1. It is worthy of note that it was the first League game that the Foresters have won away from home this season.

Bury, last but one from the bottom of the League table, accomplished a fine performance by drawing with Aston Villa, and that at Aston. Each side scored 3 goals, and the one point must have been very sweet to the Lancashire club, who could hardly have expected such a happy result. Liverpool's defeat on their own ground at Anfield by Manchester City, though not quite a surprise, proved that the League leaders are not invulnerable, even at home, and this fact should encourage Southampton in their forthcoming Cup tie.

Another victory that must be classed among the "unexpecteds" was that of Middlesbrough over Newcastle United, and one can only surmise that some of the teams are feeling the wear and tear of a hard season. Another club that gained a surprising win was Sunderland, who proved too good for Blackburn Rovers, at Ewood Park, and beat them handsomely by 3 goals to nil. Stoke and Derby County played a draw, at Stoke, and the match was one of the most stubbornly contested of the series, each side scoring twice.

Another good win was that of Bolton Wanderers over Everton, but it was by the narrow margin of 3 goals to 2, and the winning point was only put on in the closing stages. Wolverhampton Wanderers continue on the bottom rung of the ladder, their latest conquerors being Preston North End, who beat them by the odd goal in 5. They are now certain to figure in the Second Division next season.

Chelsea have been doing great things in the Second Division during the past few weeks, and on Saturday they trounced Burslem Port Vale to the extent of 7 goals to nil. The Stamford Bridge side have still a chance of reaching the First Division, as they are only one point behind Manchester United, with the latter a match in hand. Clapton Orient cut up badly against Leeds City, who beat the Londoners easily by 6 goals to 1.

In the Southern League, Fulham are well ahead in the table, despite their beating by Southampton by 2 goals to 1 last Saturday. Brentford did very well to beat New Brompton at Griffin Park by 3 goals to 2, for the latter are by no means a bad side, as witness their defeat of Tottenham Hotspur on the Monday, which enabled them to climb from the last place over the heads of Northampton and Swindon. Reading administered a severe beating to West Ham, the margin against the Boleyn Castle team being 6 goals to 1. West Ham, though on the day's play the inferior side, were not so bad as the score would indicate. It was a game in which everything Reading tried for came off, and West Ham showed the form to be all wrong when they beat Brentford by 2 goals to 1 in the Western League on Monday.

Luton were too good for Swindon, and scored 4 goals without a response, but there was no scoring in the Northampton v. Millwall match, which was played on the former's ground. Plymouth Argyle and Queen's Park Rangers also played a draw at Plymouth, each side scoring 1 goal after a rough game. Last season's champions, Bristol Rovers, were at Norwich, playing the City club, and a goalless draw resulted. Out of this game the "Canaries" came with great credit.

Under Rugby rules, London Scottish and Blackheath played their return match, the Scotsmen just winning on the post by 1 goal 1 try (8 points) to 1 goal (5 points). The other crack Metropolitan club, Richmond, had Lennox for opponents, and beat them almost without an effort; while the Harlequins gained a splendid victory over Cambridge University by 3 goals and 3 tries to 3 goals.

London Welsh entertained Devonport Albion at Queen's Club, the famous West of England team having



Photo, P.I.P.

THE NEW CRUSADERS TEAM, in which there are six brothers, Messrs. Farnfield (being those seated in the photo). The Crusaders drew with Romford in the third round for the Amateur Cup last Saturday.

premier place in the battle of the countries under both the Rugby and Association codes in the near future?

With the Cup ties out of the way for the nonce, the League clubs were busy again in their own particular tournament. It was a day of disaster for the home teams—a most exceptional state of affairs. Of the ten matches played, the visitors were successful on five occasions, the home sides won three games, and the

ham, the Cup conquerors of Tottenham Hotspur, for opponents, and beat them almost without an effort. Certainly the Midland club had not full strength, but it would require something more than that to minimise the Arsenal's 5 goals to nil victory, as, in their turn, the Plumstead club had Templeton and Fitchie away.

Playing on their own ground, Notts County had to acknowledge the superior prowess of Sheffield Wednes-



Photo, Clarke & Hyde.

SALMON FISHING IN DONEGAL: Success—landed.



Photo, Clarke & Hyde.

SALMON FISHING IN DONEGAL: Failure—line snapped.

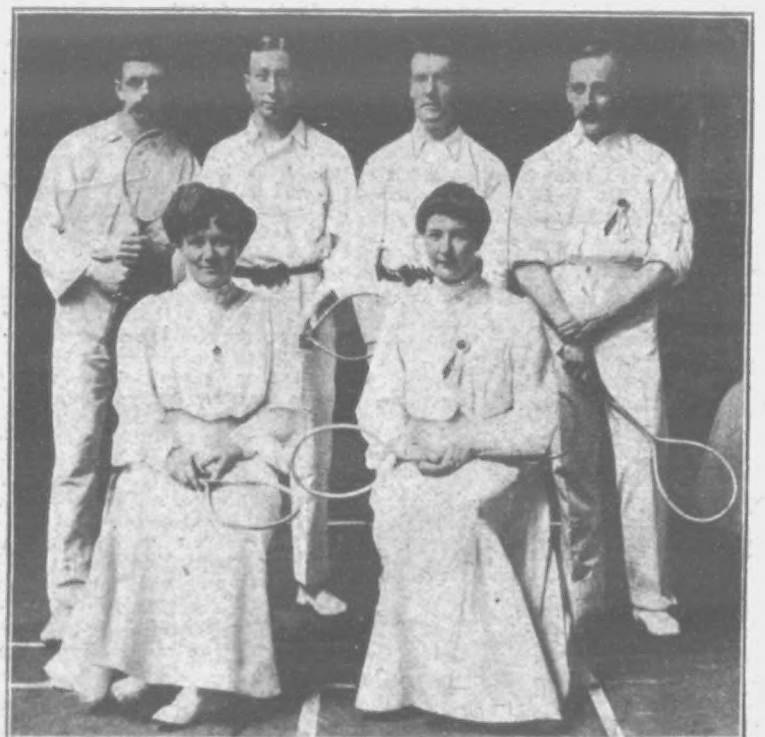
to admit defeat by 11 points to 3. Newport and Swansea met for the fourth time this season, and the match was drawn. At South Shields, Durham beat Northumberland in the County Championship by 18 points to 9, and so earned the right to meet Devon in the final.

ATHLETICS and CYCLING.

The National Cross-country Championship, decided at Haydock Park last Saturday, resulted in one of the closest contests of recent years. He would have been a bold man who would have attempted to have named the winning club as the runners finished, and even after they had passed the post it wanted a bit of figuring out. The Sutton Harriers were the winners, with a total of 120 points, and after them came the Highgate Harriers, with five points more. The Haddington Harriers were only a couple of points worse

than the Highgate, and the Birchfield Harriers were fourth with 171 points—truly as close a fit as could well be imagined.

George Pearce, of the Highgate Harriers, was generally voted (at least down South) as good enough to be first man home, and there was his recent win in the Southern Counties Championship to work on, besides many other sterling performances. But they had C. J. Straw, of the Sutton Harriers in the North, with a record quite as good in its way as Pearce's, for he had accomplished all that was asked of him. It was a rare battle between the two men. Pearce would appear to have allowed Straw to get too far away from him towards the close, but he was only twenty yards to the bad when the judges were passed in 61 mins. 12 secs. Yet Straw would probably have won in any case.



Photo, P.I.P.

ENGLAND BEAT IRELAND IN THE BADMINTON INTERNATIONAL: The English Team.
G. A. Thomas. H. N. Marrett. A. D. Prebble. N. Wood.
Miss Hogarth. Miss Lucas.



THE FRENCH FOOTBALL CLUB, now visiting England, photographed before their match with Stratford-on-Avon.

Straw's victory was very popular, but Pearce is to be heartily congratulated on his plucky fight. T. Hynes, of the Haddington Harriers, was third, J. E. Deakin, of the Herne Hill Harriers, was fourth, T. Johnston fifth, S. Welding sixth, J. Pence seventh, J. C. Hayes eighth, F. J. White ninth, and G. Harris tenth. It is not a little curious that Straw, Pearce, and Hynes finished in exactly the same positions as the clubs they represented.

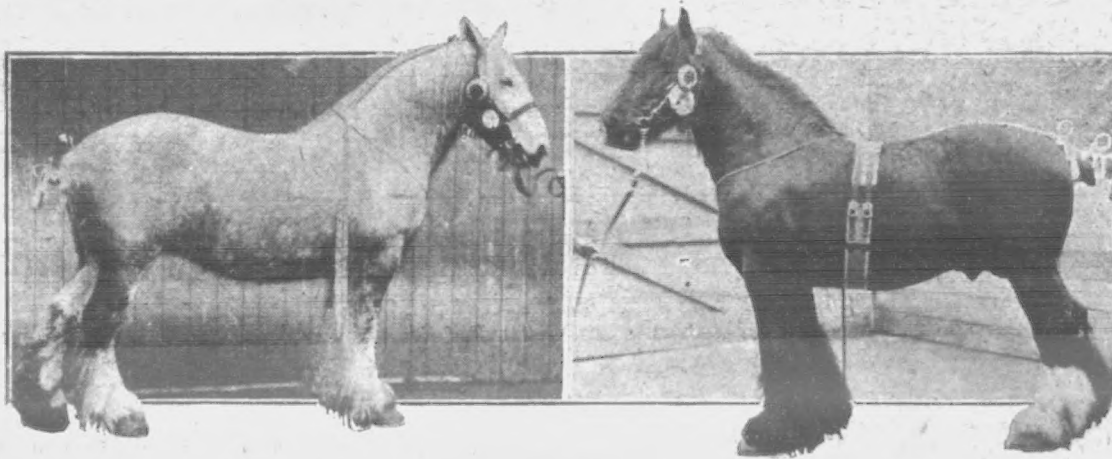
The Scottish National Championship was run for at Scotstown. The Clydesdale Harriers won with the lowest total of 74 points against 84 by the Edinburgh Harriers, with the Watsonians third with 127 points. S. Stevenson, of the winning club, was first man home; D. Cather, of Hamilton, was second; and R. Melville, Watsonians, third. Stevenson's time was 66 mins. 53 secs., and he won easily. J. Rankin, the previous champion, ran, but, owing to want of training, he was unable to finish nearer than sixteenth.

The Welsh Championship was run over Ely Racecourse, Cardiff. Last year, when the race was run at Caerleon, Newport were the winners, and this year they retained their title, with Roath Harriers second and Castleton Harriers third. The first man home was C. Arthurs, of Newport; E. D. Price, of the same club,

was second; and another Newport man, E. J. Ace, was third.

With the championships being decided, the Harriers Clubs who were not competing had a comparatively

last Saturday some capital performances were chronicled. G. R. J. Hussey (Hertford) won the hurdles in 16 1-5 secs., and another fine performance was K. Cornwallis' half-mile in 1 min. 56 3-5 secs. P. M.



THE SHIRE HORSE SHOW: 1. "Sussex Bluegown," James Forsham and Son, champion mare. 2. "Present King II," Forsham and Son, champion stallion.

idle time. The Blackheath Harriers decided their Married v. Single race, the "Singles" winning by 36 points to 42. Rugby School and Thames Hare and Hounds went over seven miles at Rugby, the School winning. Oxford University are getting ready for the inter-Varsity sports, and

Young's long jump of 22 feet was also very good.

Tornado's Havoc.

Travelling at terrific speed, a tornado has swept through the town of Meridian in the American state

of Mississippi, killing at least a hundred persons and wrecking everything in its path. Fires broke out among the wreckage, but were, fortunately, quenched by a providential deluge of rain.

No such catastrophe as the above has been experienced in England since the Great Storm of November, 1703, when 8,000 persons lost their lives, and the damage in London alone was calculated at £2,000,000.

Coming to modern times the worst visitation of the kind was experienced on June 24th, 1897, in central Essex. A cyclone, accompanied by hail, ravaged seventy square miles, and many farmers were ruined. So dire was the distress that a Mansion House fund had to be opened for the relief of the sufferers.

Terrible Disaster Off Norway.

The worst fears have been realised as to the fate of the Norwegian fishing fleet, which has met with a terrible disaster on the West Coast, and, as the consequence of a fierce storm, many fishermen have perished. The exact number is not yet known, but it is feared that at least 100 to 150 men have been lost. The catastrophe is believed to be the worst that has overtaken the Norwegian fishing industry for many years past.

The weather was fine (says the Copenhagen correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*) when the fishing boats, with crews totalling about 1,500, left the village of Gastingerne for the North Sea, but shortly after



Nurses know that "Antexema" will cure every form of skin trouble.

Have you a Healthy Skin?

This is an important question, and if you spend two or three minutes in reading this article it may save you or your children a great deal of discomfort, or even unsightliness and discomfort in the future. There are thousands of people whose skin, at present, is merely red, rough, cracked, coarse-looking, or who have pimples or breakings out upon it, but who think it does not matter. They imagine that the trouble will cure itself, and fail to realise that they will suffer in the future from eczema, or some other painful form of skin illness, as the result of their neglect of what are really the early symptoms of graver troubles.

Skin Troubles are Unnecessary.

This is the point we are most anxious to impress on our readers. If you have merely the early signs and symptoms of approaching skin illness, the further progress of the trouble may be prevented, and the skin restored to perfect health, by the adoption of the "Antexema" treatment. The sooner you adopt this treatment, the better for your comfort. Supposing, however, that owing to your not knowing about "Antexema" and its marvellous curative powers, you are suffering from one of the serious skin troubles, such as eczema or psoriasis—what ought you to do? Commence with "Antexema" immediately, and your skin will soon again be pure, clear and healthy. Suppose your little boy or girl has had the misfortune to contract ringworm—what then? In the first place, you should procure a supply of "Antexema" and "Antexema Soap" immediately, and next read the instructions for the cure of ringworm in our family handbook on "Skin Troubles," which tells you all you want to know about the way to cure it. Follow out the "Antexema" treatment, and in a short time ringworm will be a thing of the past. This is equally true of all skin troubles.

"Antexema Soap" possesses the scent and healing and refreshing influence of the pine forest, and keeps the skin clear, pure and healthy, and prevents pimples, blackheads, and red, rough, oily skin. Our readers should try "Antexema Soap." It may be obtained of all chemists in tablets at 6d., or three in a box for 1s. 6d.

A Useful Little Book.

Our little book on "Skin Troubles," a copy of which is enclosed free with every bottle of "Antexema," tells you about the following skin ailments: Acne, Babies' Skin Troubles, Bad Complexions, Baldness, Barber's Itch, Blackheads, Boils, Blotches, Burns and Scalds, Chilblains, Corns, Dandruff, Delicate, Sensitive, Irritable, Easily Chapped Skin; Skin Troubles Affecting the Ears, Eyes, Feet, Hands, and Scalp; Eczema (chronic and acute), Eczema of the Legs, Erysipelas, Facial Blemishes, Freckles, Gouty Eczema, Leg Wounds, Lip and Chin Troubles, Nettle Rash, Pimples, Psoriasis, Ringworm, Scabies, Scald Head, Scrofula, Shingles, Ulcers, Warts, and Wrinkles.

"Antexema" cures every form of skin trouble, however serious, and is the very thing for every-day troubles, such as chafed or irritated skin, chaps, chilblains, cuts, burns, and bruises. That is why "Antexema" has become a household remedy. The way in which it cures is easily explained. It is invisible when applied and forms a sort of temporary cuticle over the affected part, under which a new and healthy skin can grow.

"Antexema" is so superior that it cannot be compared with cold cream or other similar preparations, which at best can only cool and soothe, but are quite destitute of healing virtues. "Antexema" is infinitely superior even as regards soothing and cooling properties, but in addition it possesses marvellous healing virtues, whilst at the same time it is so harmless that it can be safely applied to the delicate skin of the youngest infant.

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"Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists at 1s. 1 1/2d. and 2s. 9d., or direct, post free in plain wrapper for 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d., from The Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W. Read our handbook, "Skin Troubles," enclosed free with every bottle.

Why not try "Antexema" to-day? Why be uncomfortable or look unsightly when you have in "Antexema" the means of effecting a complete cure? Commence with it to-day, and you will very soon be convinced that "Antexema" justifies all the claims made for it, and that the glowing letters of thanks received every day are plain statements of actual facts.



THE SHIRE HORSE SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL LAST WEEK: The horses in the judging ring.

P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

FENLAND FLOWER FARMS.

Industry Founded by Working Men.

Holland, the Scilly Isles, and Cornwall generally get the credit of supplying London and other large cities with all the daffodils and narcissi that they may require. As a matter of fact, for many years South Lincolnshire has done as large a trade as any in these beautiful spring flowers, but has been modest enough to say little or nothing about the matter. Curiously enough, the principal district where the flower farms are—and farms they are and no mere market gardens—is marked down on the map as "The Miniature of Holland." Indeed, what with the glowing colours of the flower farms, the cross-cropping of lake and drain, and the wondrously weird windmills taking advantage of the smallest rising in the flattest country of the world, the land is well named "Holland in miniature." And in the production of good, sound, "hard" narcissus bulbs it now outrivals its famous namesake, though Holland, proper still holds its sway with the growing of hyacinths.

Little Holland owes the birth of its flower industry to the foresight and enterprise of a poor working man who began operations sixty years ago. The man's name was Dickenson, and he lived in the village of Whaplode. He realised that there was a demand for daffodils in London, and so went jogging round the country-side in a little pony trap buying up the blooms and the bulbs from the cottagers for a few shillings, sometimes pence. In course of time he thrived mightily, planting acre after acre. His son is now one of the most prosperous of all the bulb farmers in the fen country.

Many of the Lincolnshire flower-farmers, finding they could not get their blooms on the market as early as the Scilly farmers, have of recent years gone in largely for forcing the bulbs under glass, and the speculation has proved most profitable.

The open-air bloom is in season from March to May, and the fields then become sights worth the seeing. In the picture shown on this page there are sixteen acres snowed over with some six million blooms of the poets' narcissus. The farm is at Moulton (near Spalding), and may be seen by those travelling by the Great Northern Railway between that village and the adjacent one of Whaplode. To handle these flowers a small army of women is required, and a good worker will gather or "bunch" ten thousand "heads" in a working day of eight hours, the pay ranging from 1s. 6d. to 2s. When the farms are in full bloom from six to eight tons of flowers are sent away daily from Spalding Station alone, and anything from 500 to 600 tons are despatched from there during the season.

After the bulbs are lifted in the autumn they are sorted, cleaned, and

dried. The surplus stocks are sold to seed merchants in Scotland, Ireland, the Channel Isles, France, America, and even Holland, for the Dutchman has discovered that virtue and profit are to be found in Lincolnshire bulbs.

Dahlias from Cuttings.

There can be no doubt as to the cheapness of striking cuttings as a method of getting together a stock of dahlias, and as several prominent florists are prepared to send out selections from the middle of February until the end of March, a note now as to the treatment of cuttings cannot be out of place. If dahlias are intended for competition the ground must be well dug and pulverised during the previous winter, at the same time adding a liberal quantity of good horse manure, although, if the soil is light, cow dung is preferable. About the end of May the ground should again be stirred, and laid off in beds 6ft. wide, with an alley 1ft. in breadth between them. Into these beds a double row of stakes may be placed, about 2ft. apart each way; on the average, the tall ones may be a little more and the dwarf ones a little less. Some growers prefer a greater distance between the plants, but the space given has proved to



Photo, Joyce, Vise.

FENLAND FLOWER FARMS: It is generally supposed that nearly all our daffodils and narcissi come either from Holland, the Scilly Isles, or Cornwall. This is not so. Some of the largest flower farms are in the pretty Fen Country in South Lincolnshire.

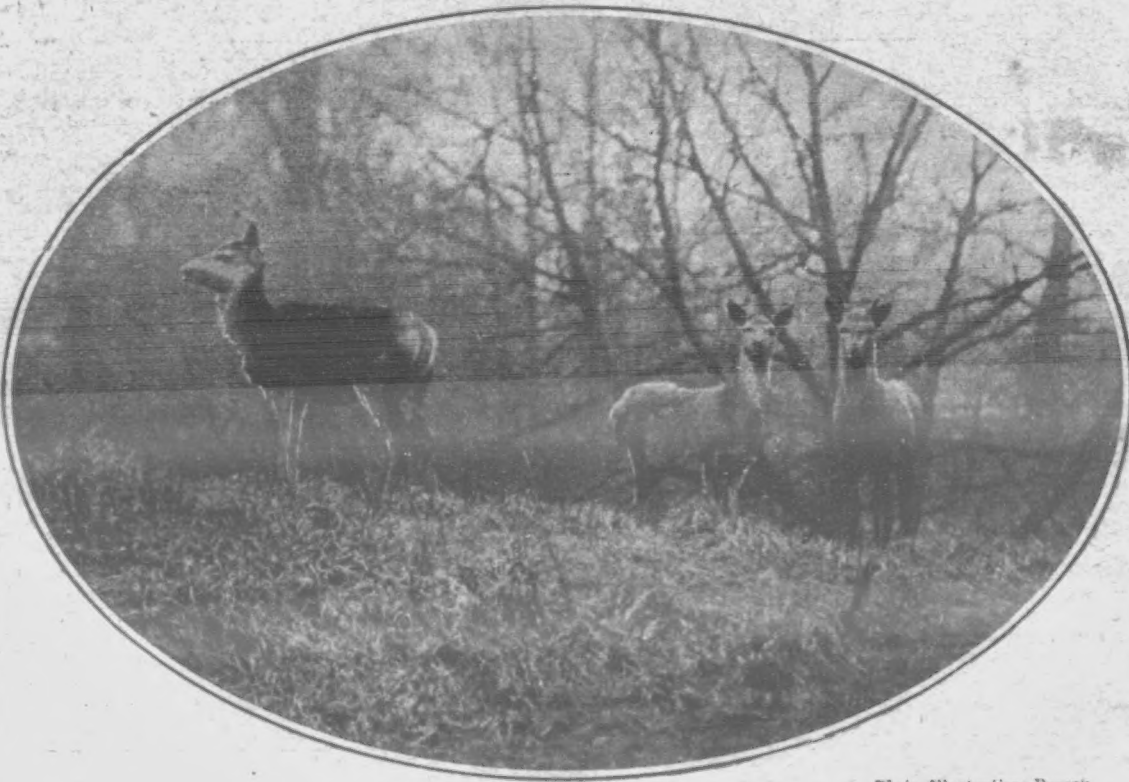
received from the nursery, they should be immediately potted into 4in. or 5in. pots, and placed on a moderate hotbed or in a warm green-

Asparagus.

When this crop has not been attended to already, it must be no longer neglected; says a writer in the *Market Gardener*. Where the plant is grown in raised beds some of the soil can be thrown into the alleys, and the beds receive a good dressing of well-composted manure. Some have been using peat-moss manure for this crop, but where the land is at all heavy it is much better avoided, as it is very apt to encourage eelworm, and asparagus is very susceptible to this trouble. During last season or two we have seen hundreds of plants entirely destroyed by the myriads of microscopic eelworms taking possession of the dormant buds. Probably the use of salt on the beds has in the past acted as a deterrent in the case of eelworm, and so has kept the plants safe. An annual dressing of freshly-slaked lime will also do much to cleanse the beds of insect pests, and from 6cwt. to 10cwt. per acre should be given a week or two before the farmyard manure is put on. Some heavy lands are badly infested with the underground black or black-and-yellow slug. These pests are continually eating away the underground parts of plants. Where these pests abound there is nothing like a dose of vaporite for their clearance. This may be sown over asparagus beds to the extent of 3cwt. per acre, and if just pricked in as soon as sown will make it hot for the slugs. The manure may be left on the beds until February, when it should be forked in, or if the land works well it may be done at once. Where seaweed can be obtained this may be laid on the beds to a thickness of 1in. In cases where it is not desirable to put real manure on the beds 3cwt. kainit and 5cwt. basic slag to the acre may be put on at once, and in March, when the beds are dressed down or the rows are prepared for the spring work, a dressing of 2cwt. sulphate of ammonia may be given. Rich guano is also a good manure for asparagus, but if it is not "fish potash" it should always be supplemented by 1cwt. of sulphate of potash to 3cwt. or 4cwt. of the fish manure.

More About Lakenfelders.

Lakenfelder cocks weigh from 4½lb. to 5½lb., and hens about 4½lb., but the heavier they are the better. The great point to aim for in exhibition specimens, and the one, too, that counts most in the standard, is colour. The neck and tail must be pure black, and for this reason the under colour should be greyish rather than white, for the more inclination there is to white the greater tendency there is to expel black from the plumage; and it is advisable to rather permit (in breeding) the greyish under-colour to slightly penetrate to the surface plumage (provided there is not too much black showing on the back), than the appearance of white in tail or neck hackle. Some breeders consider white edging on the cock's sickles as typical; this, however, counteracts the proper breeding tendency, which should aim at black tail without any white. Following colour, the next important point is size, then head, carriage, and condition, legs and feet being least.



Photo, Illustrations Durant.

THE L.C.C. ZOO AT GOLDSER'S HILL: The deer.

be most suitable. The stakes must be firmly fixed before planting. The best time to get the plants is the end of April and beginning of May. When

house, care being taken not to allow the plants to become dry, as the slightest check will tend to throw them into bloom prematurely. After reckoned as after the first few days in June. Frequent waterings, occasionally with liquid manure, tying and thinning the shoots, will engage the attention of the cultivator till the beginning of August, when the buds will be appearing. A good mulching of well decomposed manure will be of great service now. If very large blooms are wanted, only four or five branches should be left on each plant, and all buds exceeding two or three at the end of each stem should be removed. A few lateral shoots may be allowed to grow, which will carry flowers later on. When the flowers begin to expand, they will be all the better of a little protection from the weather, a piece of board or tin nailed to the top of a stout stake answering the purpose very well. Some prefer boxes with glass tops. Should dahlia cuttings appear flagged when received, place them for a short time in water of a temperature of 60deg. or so. Pots may then be filled with very sandy soil, and if thumbs (2in.) are used, one cutting may be placed in the centre of each pot. If 3in. or 4in. pots be used, six cuttings may be inserted round the edges. Make the soil rather firm and give a slight watering, and afterwards plunge the pots in a slight bottom heat. Shade from the sun's rays, but do not cover up quite close if the atmosphere is at all moist, as they are apt to damp off if so treated. In fourteen to twenty-one days they should all be nicely rooted, and ready to pot off singly into small pots, and again transferred to bottom heat.



Photo, Frit.

RURAL ENGLAND: Some pretty old cottages at the little village of Hope in Devonshire

EXCITING EVENTS OF THE WEEK AT HOME AND ABROAD.



1. While digging at Frenchpark, Ireland, a workman discovered an underground cavern containing skeletons and ancient armour.
2. A gallant rescue by a constable at Liverpool.
3. An exciting experience in the Alps—carried away by an avalanche.
4. A fantastic parade of Dundee mill girl strikers.
5. An English engineer attacked by Arabs in his office near the Persian Gulf. He and a native assistant were killed.
6. White mice let loose during a quadrille disturb the ladies at a Paris ball.

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H.M. THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

There is every sign that pale colours will be the fashionable ones this season. Delicate tints of grey and biscuit colour will strive for chief popularity, and also a shade lighter than biscuit, which is best described as champagne White cloth costumes



Mlle. Marconnier, the noted French beauty, in one of her "New Art" costumes, designed by herself.

for smart wear are never out of date, but this season introduces a peculiar deep tint of ivory, which is more universally becoming than white, and which also has the merit of looking appropriate, whatever the weather may be. One of the drawbacks to white cloth is its lack of general suitability, and for this reason, though possibly preferred to grey or biscuit, it is often passed over in favour of one or other of the latter colours. This new ivory tint may be classed with pale grey in point of usefulness. It looks ideal trimmed with strips of beaver fur, or even bias folds of golden brown chiffon velvet. The trimming

should be restricted as far as possible to the bodice, or coat, and the skirt left to rely on self-material.

There is a charm about the words "Paris fashions" which few women can resist, and certain it is that of late more than

ever we have been influenced by a French mode of dressing. This has been specially noticeable in the daring mingling of colours. Formerly a toilette which rang the changes on one colour was considered the acme of good taste, then the art, which managed to combine the most impossible greens and blues and mauves and scarlets came to be recognised as the only smart dressing. In a word, "smart" and "chic" were the effects aimed at, and any result achieved by less startling means was pronounced lacking in these two indispensable attributes. This spring, however, will see the commencement of a gradual change. Subdued and refined colourings will mark the best models, and where relief is required it will be given by skilful touches of one colour rather than artistic blending of several.

The keynote of Dame Fashion is novelty; something new she must have, and, as there is nothing new under the sun, it generally happens that sooner or later an old fashion is revived.

Sleeves are becoming a more and more important feature of our blouses, and there is more than a hint in some of the leading styles that the undersleeve, which we said good-bye to not so very long ago, will reappear in a varied form. Already some charming lace blouses for semi-evening wear are being built with sleeves arranged in three-tier form, slashed open from elbow to shoulder to display a foundation of tulle, chiffon, or gauze.

ONLY the girl with really clever fingers should attempt to fashion her own waistbelts. Made belts of all descriptions can be bought so



MISS CAMILLE CLIFFORD: The latest portrait of the famous "Gibson" girl



"DARES" OF FORTY YEARS AGO: The Countesses Schaffgotsche and Hanna Erdody. In the late sixties nearly every London photographer showed in his window this photograph of the Countesses Schaffgotsche and Hanna Erdody. Tastes have changed since then; still, the sisters were the Zena and Phyllis Dare of their time.

cheaply now—more cheaply, indeed, than the materials can be bought and wrought upon at home. The smart woman invariably pays great attention to this item of her toilette, knowing that a neat and trim waist is nearly half the battle. A waist-belt can, indeed, either make or mar any costume, and even an old skirt and shabby blouse can be considerably renovated in appearance by means of a new gold or silver elastic belt with buckles to correspond. I have seen some charming ones priced at 1s. 11d. and 2s. 11d. Leather belts are cheaper still, but the ones which are made with a point back and front run about the same price. The straight line in front is not one which suits all figures, and to my mind the belts, whether silk, or leather, or elastic, which look best meet in front in a small triangle. They are also more effective in uniting blouse and skirt, and in helping the blouse to pouch prettily.

The mid-season, as this time of year has come to be called by the shopping world, is a puzzling one to dress in keeping with, especially for those of limited means, who often find it a difficult matter to avoid leaping from winter to spring habiliments without any intermediate stages between a fur toque and a floral headgear which must do duty well into the summer. For such as these I can confidently recommend a very becoming hard-wear toque made entirely of straw, with quills of straw at the side, costing only five shillings, and another very useful toque costing only three shillings, made of fancy straw, with a rosette and leaves of straw, and specially suited to withstand March winds and April showers. The mushroom shape is very becoming, particularly to young faces, and there is a charming new model out for early spring wear priced at half a guinea. It is made of glacé silk in black or any colour; the brim is of drawn silk, and the crown is of puffed and wired silk. The pork-pie hat has also reappeared in a new guise, and I can tell my readers of a very pretty one in straw, trimmed with a quill and contrasting rosette, and obtainable in all ordinary colours for the modest sum of 3s. 11d.

Get two cods' livers from a fishmonger, wash them, pound them, and place in a jar. Put the jar in a saucepan of boiling water and let it boil for two hours. When the oil is drawn out of the livers, strain through a piece of muslin. Put it into bottles, cork well, and it is ready for use.

Boil in salted water till tender and drain on a cloth. To each quart of chopped cooked salsify add one ounce of butter. Place in a buttered pie-dish, cover with breadcrumbs, and pour over the whole a cupful of new milk. Bake in a steady oven until the top is a delicate brown.

MAKE an excellent entrée. Take two sticks of celery, clean, and cut into inch lengths. Stew in sufficient milk to cover till quite soft, then remove from the fire and mash with a silver fork. Season with cayenne and salt and add two beaten eggs. Well grease small soufflé cases, nearly fill with the mixture, cover with fine breadcrumbs and dot pieces of butter over. Bake for twenty minutes and serve in the cups.

Pick over and wash three ounces of good Patna rice and put it in a saucepan with one quart of fowl or veal weak stock or water. Cook slowly till the liquid is reduced to a pint, then add a quart of milk, a little chopped celery, onion, a pinch of salt, and a suspicion of mace. Draw the pan to the side of the stove, and cook the contents till the vegetables are quite tender. Add a lump of butter the size of a walnut rubbed into half an ounce of flour, and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, just before serving. Send dice of fried bread to table with the soup.



M.P.'s Wife as Secretary: Mrs. Snowden, the wife of the Labour member for Blackburn, who acts as her husband's private secretary.

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

M. Rousseliere, the Paris Opéra singer, who some years ago worked in a factory at 2s. 6d. per day, has been engaged for a tour in the United States at a guaranteed fee of £320 for each evening. M. Rousseliere's life-story is a romantic one. He was a blacksmith, working in a foundry at Sidi-Bel-Abbes, in Algiers, at the time when M. Gailhard, of the Paris Opéra, happened to go over to Algiers to spend a holiday. M. Gailhard went to see over the foundry, and at the door of one of the shops he came to a standstill, fascinated by the magnificent voice of one of the workmen who was singing as he plied his hammer on the anvil. "What is that man's name?" asked M. Gailhard of the proprietor, and on being told he asked to see M. Rousseliere privately. The result was that he undertook the workman's education,

man is then put in the box, and, after a short time, the box is opened and something novel and extraordinary is seen to have happened. The competition remains open until March 24th.

Mr. Arthur Shirley's new "play" for the Coliseum is due on March 12. It is a sort of musical farce, acting as a setting for some bright variety "turns." It will fill the entire programme. The scenes of Mr. Shirley's farce are (1) a garden, (2) a railway station, (3) behind the scenes, and (4) in the theatre. Mr. Walter Slaughter has done the music, and the piece is "produced" by Mr. Marshall Moore.

The cast includes Mr. M. R. Morand (from *The White Chrysanthemum*).



MR. ARTHUR CONQUEST as the cat in the Drury Lane pantomime.

by Mr. Lewis Waller at the Imperial Theatre last Saturday. The scene is Fontainebleau in 1814—that tragic year, immortalised by Meissonier, which saw the Empire totter. But *Brigadier Gerard* is not concerned with tragedy. Its hero is a Gascon, a Napoleonic D'Artagnan, with D'Artagnan's courage, but without his resource.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is not as expert a dramatist as he is a novelist. The first act of *Brigadier Gerard* is admirable, and the character of the hero is cleverly portrayed; but, considered critically, the play steadily deteriorates after the first act. Mr. Lewis Waller played Gerard with all his fine powers of sincerity, forcefulness, and humour. He carried himself with exactly the right "air," and his performance was admirable alike in its understanding and its achievement. Miss Evelyn Millard looked charming as the Comtesse, and Mr. A. E. George and Mr. O'Neill played the theatrical Napoleon and the equally theatrical Talleyrand in the accepted manner. The play was very enthusiastically received, and should have a successful career.

Mr. Harry Lauder made the simulation of intoxication a work of art in a new song about a tipsy Scotch man, which he introduced at the Tivoli last Monday. Another new ditty "Mary, ma Scotch Bluebell," bids

fair to become as popular as "She's ma Daisy." The melody is just as tuneful and catchy, and the words are even more amusing. The audience was so enraptured that the iron curtain had to be lowered to put a limit to their enthusiasm.

There are no fewer than seven popular musical comedies at the outlying theatres this week. Mr. Robert Arthur had one at each of his houses. Miss Marie Studholme gave her vicious performance of "Lady Madcap" at the Coronet, and "The Geisha" was staged at the Camden; "Sergeant Brue" at Fulham, and "The White Chrysanthemum" at Kennington. Others were "The Talk of the Town" (Marlborough), "The Prince of Pilsen" (King's), and "The Girl from Kay's" (Grand, Woolwich). Drama was represented by Mr. Martin Harvey, who opened at the Alexandra, Stoke Newington, with "The Only Way." During the week he will also play "The Breed of the Treshams" and "After All." The late Wilson Barrett's last play, "Lucky Durham," had an excellent reception at Croydon. Another Barrett drama, "The Sign of the Cross," was staged at Brixton. Other plays of serious interest were "The Prodigal Son" (Crown, Peckham), "The Walls of Jericho" (Borough, Stratford), and "A Royal Divorce" (Broadway, Deptford).



MR. JOHNNY FULLER, "the great little cat," who has been appearing this week at the Palace Theatre in a novel turn.

and M. Rousseliere has now a larger income than any other opera singer in France.

There are no idle hours or idlers to be found at the Haymarket Theatre just at present, where rehearsals for Mr. J. M. Barrie's new play have actively commenced. *The Indiscretion of Mr. Kingsbury*, which is still going strong, celebrated its 100th performance on Saturday evening, March 3rd, and, although it is still in the full tide of popularity, there is every likelihood that Mr. Harrison will find it necessary to withdraw it from the boards before the end of March, when Mr. Charles Hawtrey will make his first appearance in a Barrie play.

A most attractive bill has been prepared for the annual concert of the Fleet Street Club, the membership of which is representative of the advertising men of Fleet Street. The concert, which is open to the general public, will be held at the King's Hall, Holborn, on Wednesday evening next, when a brilliant entertainment will be supplied by Miss Edith Serpell, Miss Carrie Herwin, Messrs. John Silverwood, Charles Mott, Will Edwards, Wallis Arthur, Walter Walters, Walter Churcher, Eli Hudson, Charles Capper, and Albert Jordan. The tickets, price 2s., may be had at the hall.

Miss Maskelyne and Devant, at St. George's Hall, are offering a prize of £50 for the best title for a new-trick which they are now presenting at every performance. The trick is performed with a man, an iron frame, and a small wooden box which is put together on the stage. The man is securely fastened to the frame, which holds him in a perfectly rigid position, so that he cannot move his head, body, arms, or legs. The

themum). Mr. Charles Trevor (from *Lady Madcap*), and Miss Millcent Marsden, of whose beautiful voice I have already had occasion to speak. The gigantic de Cottens' review" at the Coliseum is due at Easter.

An influential syndicate is being arranged for the purpose of producing a series of musical plays in London, probably at the Lyric or Shaftesbury. The first of these is a comic opera, written by Mr. Harold Simpson, whose monologue was recently performed by Princess Henry of Pless with great success before the King at Chatsworth. Mr. Kennedy Russell will supply the music. The second piece, my information goes, will probably be a comic opera by Mr. Leslie Stuart. In both of these it is hoped that Miss Ruth Vincent will play the character of the heroine.

The piece by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, in which Mr. Fragon and Miss May de Sousa appear at the New Royalty, is entirely original, and is not adapted from a French source. There are two acts, one laid in a flat in St. James's Street, the other in a street in Madrid. Most of the music will be original, though some Spanish music new to England will be employed in Act II.

Romance, fine, full-bodied romance, that laughs at impossibilities and derides history, romance, sneered at maybe by Mr. Bernard Shaw and the "intellectuals," but beloved by the English playgoer—that is the atmosphere of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's play, *Brigadier Gerard*, produced

Don't Look Old.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SCALP HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]



MISS HAZEL THOMPSON, playing in "Pan and the Young Shepherd" at the Court Theatre.

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THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

The authorities are still finding great difficulty in obtaining sufficient suitable men for the Army. Returns published last week show that recruits are still dwindling, and I do not see how we are to avoid conscription in the near future.

Lord Roberts seems to be making scarcely any headway with his scheme for popularising the Volunteers, and the civilian rifle clubs. It is a great pity that people should show such apathy towards a subject which affects so vitally not only the nation as whole, but every individual man, woman, and child.

Rifle-shooting is excellent fun, quite apart from its value as a training for both business and war. Close to the offices of this paper there is a great billiard saloon, with twenty or thirty tables, built under the arches of a railway. There are many such arches in every part of London and in every big city throughout the kingdom.

I should like to see some patriotic business man hire some of these arches and set up rifle ranges, so that men could give half the time they now devote to billiards in the evening and in the luncheon hour to half-an-hour's useful rifle practice. I believe he would find it pay. At present there are not enough ranges available to give rifle-shooting, as a pastime, a fair chance.

The apparent distaste of the young men of the country for military service, is, to me, a most unaccountable thing. I do not think that anyone will be prepared to dispute the fact that the average youth is a far better man, physically, morally, and mentally, after a few years' military discipline than he was before.

He has a chance of seeing foreign countries free of charge; he has no worry about losing his job or being out of work, and the pay nowadays compares very favourably with that of the unskilled labourer in civil life. In addition, it is worth noting that nearly a thousand commissioned officers now serving in the Army have risen from the ranks.

Up to the time at which I am writing the strike of the Dundee factory girls has been most remarkably free from "regrettable incidents," the strikers—who number some thousands—having contented themselves for the most part with a series of fantastical processions through the streets.

But it is not always thus when women go on strike. They can be quite as strenuous in their methods

as the men, as the riots at Ashton-under-Lyne two years ago most amply proved. On that occasion the mill girls were enraged because non-union workers were imported from Oldham to fill their places. Over a hundred special constables had to be imported

morning, keeping up a violent fusillade of stones, and endeavouring to overturn the vehicles. On one occasion the strikers attacked a train, and much blood was shed, and many windows broken, before the infuriated women could be driven away. A peculiarity of the strike was the extensive use made of paper bags filled with pepper—and most effective missiles they proved to be.

Since then, at Kettering, where about a hundred girls employed in a cloth-



Drawn by Charles Harrison. (With apologies to the "Nero" Poster.)

Joe: "An' 'oo was this 'ere Nero, Bill?"
Bill: "Nero? 'Arf a mo'. Wasn't 'e that chap as was allus cold?"
Joe: "Garn, mate. Yo're thinkin' o' Zero—anuvver bloke altogether."

into the town, and for a week incessant warfare, resulting in many casualties, was waged between the women and the police.

Armoured 'busses, escorted by mounted police, were used to convey the "black-leg" labourers to their work, and crowds of some thousands of angry girls surrounded them each

ing factory struck work, and in the Houndsditch district of London, where last year the female employees in a cigarette company went on strike, the women have more than shown that they are quite able to stand out for their rights.

But striking is a sorry business, and should be deprecated. Generally the matter in dispute is a mere trifle—an affair of pique on the part of master or man—which causes a most disproportionate amount of expense and misery to both parties. The great dock strike at Marseilles, in September, 1904, is supposed to have cost the city nearly a million pounds in money alone. Think of that, and of the awful sufferings of the wives and children. It is worse than war.

VALENTIA STEER.

Subscriptions for the PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER should be sent to the Publisher, 18 Henrietta Street, W.C. The "P.I.P." will be sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom for thirteen weeks, on receipt of postal order, value 1s. 8d.; six months, 3s. 3d.; one year, 6s. 6d. Single copies post-free 1d. For foreign postage the rates are: three months, 2s. 3d.; six months, 4s. 4d.; one year, 8s. 8d. The PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER may be sent by halfpenny post to any place in the United Kingdom. To the Colonies or any foreign place the postage is one penny.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

T. W. B. (Dover).—The class of officers you mention are generally recruited from the Navy, and I don't think you could obtain such a position in the way you describe. However, you should write to the Admiralty Office, Whitehall, London, W.C., for further particulars.

H. G. (Hollisby).—I am always pleased to hear from my readers and help them in any way I can. I should advise you to write to Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, stamp and book valuers and auctioneers, Leicester Square, London, W.C. This firm have frequent sales of rare and valuable stamps, and their expert would tell you the approximate value of the stamps you mention.

H. P. (Ormskirk).—I regret I cannot find any recipe for using dried currants in the way you mean. Sultanias or raisins are said to be made tasty if gently stewed in a syrup made with water, lemon-juice, and sugar. Boil till the syrup thickens,



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

The Oldest Minister: The Rev. Richard Rymer, aged ninety-seven, has been a Methodist minister since the age of sixteen, and is the oldest preacher living. He resides at Brixton.

Then add the fruit (quite free from stalks), and simmer slowly until quite tender.

J. B. (Acerlogton).—Thanks for your letter. Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, auctioneers, Leicester Square, London, W.C., have occasional sales of valuable violins, and their expert would tell you whether the one you have is of any special value.

IRENE.—I regret I cannot supply the private addresses of the actresses you mention. Probably the Editor of the Era, 5 Tavistock Street, London, W.C., would forward any letters on to them if you asked him to do so.

L. D.—It is impossible to answer your question properly from the very brief extract you send of the society's rules. At any rate, I should think each sentence you quote has the same meaning, and the member referred to would render himself liable to be fined for a breach of the rules.

J. M.—The census is taken every ten years, and the last one was in 1901.

"Regrettable Incident."

What in real warfare would have been a serious catastrophe occurred during the naval manoeuvres off Lagos last week.

The combined fleets were divided into "A," "B," and "C" fleets, and all left Lagos to carry out an important manoeuvre.

"C" was to try to intercept "B" before that fleet, under Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, could effect a juncture with her ally "A."

To effect the purpose it was absolutely essential that "B" fleet should move at top speed, but when the vessels had been steaming several hours, the battleship Goliath reported that her condensers were leaking badly and the port engine was dis-

abled. The vessel had to be reduced to a speed of six knots, and was only an encumbrance to the fleet.

Every minute was valuable, and, as repairs were impossible, the admiral had to choose between giving up the idea of joining "A" fleet or abandoning the Goliath. He decided on the latter course, and left the ship at the mercy of the "hostile" fleet.

A Twentieth-Century Prize Scheme.

America is generally supposed to lead the way in matters of enterprise, but—to an English firm is due the credit of inaugurating one of the most popular and successful prize competitions of modern times. This is a scheme in which all may participate, young and old, rich and poor, whether possessing abnormal brain-power or merely the average amount. In order to increase the popularity of their three famous soaps, Watson's Matchless Cleanser, Nubolic, and Sparkla, Messrs. Joseph Watson and Sons, Ltd., the well-known soap manufacturers of Leeds, are making an annual distribution of valuable presents to all users of these soaps.

Some idea of the magnitude of this undertaking and the value of the presents may be gathered from the fact that last year alone over 214,000 gifts, amounting to upwards of £60,000 in value, were distributed free. This year over 220,000 gifts, valued at £62,500, are to be given away.

These startling figures bear witness to the gigantic proportions of Messrs. Watson's business, and the sound methods to which it owes its success. To-day Messrs. Watson's factory is one of the finest and best equipped in the kingdom, and gives employment to upwards of 2,000 workers.

The prizes are awarded to the savers of the wrappers which enclose the three soaps, Watson's Matchless Cleanser, Nubolic, and Sparkla, and the value of the prize will depend upon the number of wrappers received from any competitor. Even twenty wrappers will secure a gift. It would be impossible here to give a detailed list of these gifts, which include such useful articles as bicycles, cases of cutlery, sewing machines, dress cases, tea services, umbrellas, carvers, knives and forks, and valuable cash prizes. Messrs. Watson make this generous offer firmly convinced of the sterling merits of their soaps, knowing that all who try them will be delighted with their good qualities, and will continue to use them. If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining the soaps, free samples will be sent to any person who fills in and posts the coupon to be found on the firm's advertisements now appearing.



Drawn by John Russell.

Nervous Passenger: "And what should we do if the bottom of the lift fell out?"

Solid Liftman: "Keep yer seats, please!"



Who said

BOVRIL?

"I!" said the clerk;

"As I'm not up to the mark—"

"I said

Bovril"

Robinson Crusoe's Return.

By BARRY PAIN.

Author of "Playthings and Parodies," "Eliza," "The One Before," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

BEING somewhat recovered from my swoon I bethought me that I had still one of the large case-bottles of cordial waters nor any occasion to husband it further, being now but a little way from the land, and my raft being rapidly carried thither by the tide . . . perfectly confounded and amazed, for the cork had been removed from the bottle together with one-third of the liquor, and by the side of it lay my poor parrot, as I thought, dead.

Being now in the utmost misery and despair, I cried aloud: "Wretch that I am! Is it for this that I educated thee, poor Poll, the one companion of my solitude—to die thus in sight of land, and with the desirable villa residences of a seaside resort looking down upon us? Is it for this that I nurtured thee, and fed thee with anything that I could not eat myself, and watched the opening of thy mind and the somewhat distorted growth of thy morality?" Nor could I any longer contain my tears, for it was but too clear that this poor fowl had done all for my sake on finding me in that fearful swoon. It had removed the cork laboriously and little by little with its beak; nay, more, too confident of its capacity, it had tested the wholesomeness of the liquor, examining whether it was indeed of the strength indicated on the label and contained the proper proportion of volatile ethers, before bringing any of it to me.

However, having drunk what was left in the bottle, I became more composed in my mind, and now asked myself whether my poor Poll was in very truth dead, as with my hasty judgment I had supposed. So, though with but little hope, I put one finger on the bird's claw, and to my great joy found that the pulse still beat. Yet was I in a great quandary what it were best to do, until I recalled to my mind a certain remedy in use among seafaring men for those calentures which occur on the morning after the previous occasion. This, then, I determined to apply, though still somewhat doubting of it, and taking the bird by the tail with the head downward, I dipped it in the sea and then spread it out on the raft. Almost instantly the signs of recovery were apparent. It opened one eye, and, as I implored it to speak, said gently: "There was too much soda in that last one. It then crawled inside my goat-skin umbrella, and told me that I could bring it a cup of tea when it rang.

My mind being now more at ease, and having leisure from the troubles which beset me, I took up my perspective glass that I might see somewhat of the character of the natives who had already gathered on the shore. They were for the most part white, but there were some few black also. These latter all carried musical implements of some kind and wore fantastic clothing, striped and very whimsical; and every now and then they would call a halt and make noises with their music and go through strange antics. Whosoever this happened the white people would gather round in a great crowd and afterwards pay a tribute of money, without offering any resistance. Neither then nor afterwards, when I observed this thing more nearly, could I find any explanation of it.

As for the white people, they seemed quiet and very civilised, but their dress and their manners were in many ways strange to me, so that after my long sojourn—and that not for the first time—upon a desert island I hesitated to go in among them. For indeed I had a coat of goat-skin with the hair outwards, very good save for a shininess in the forearm from the writing of my previous adventures, nor was my cap so much amiss, being of wild-cat and nearly new; but as for my . . . torn on a nail . . . as best I could, nor had I any boots. It is true that, poor sinful wretch though I was, I had little of the pop in my composition, yet I could not but consider that I was adventuring myself in a strange land, not even knowing what land it might be, nor what was the nature of its inhabitants, and that I should be as it were a guest in another man's house and should show fitting respect. For this reason I determined to land at a point about a mile distant from the town, where the beach was unfrequented, and there wait until nightfall before examining the place further.

The first part of this I effected very easily, with the help of my shoulder-of-mutton sail and the current aiding me, running in on the sandy beach. Here there was a small cave or recess in the cliff, very convenient for me, where I might stow my gear and shelter myself till dusk came. The raft itself I abandoned to the waves, having no more occasion for it, yet not without some feeling of sorrow at parting with what had served me so well. I then took my bearings as best I could, but, sinful wretch that I am—did I say that before, by

the way?—I had forgotten to wind up the compass the night before. However, so far as I could tell, I was in latitude 78 deg. Centigrade, with 5 per cent. off for cash, the wind S.S.W., and a New Moon on the First Sunday in Epiphany. But what with the compass having run down, and the salt water having got into the cyclometer, I was in a state of the most miserable uncertainty about these, and, indeed, about all other matters. I had, so I thought, yet many hours to wait before I could venture forth, without so much as one gramophone to divert my mind. My parrot was wet through, though in that I had acted for the best. There was nothing whatever to drink or eat, and, being now very low and dejected in my mind, I spread the parrot out in the sun to dry, and retired into the cave in the utmost despair, calling myself the most unfortunate and distressed mortal that ever was in this world.

Such was my impiety and ingratitude, for might I not better have thought that I was come safe to the end of a most perilous voyage without so much as losing my umbrella? True it is that we think much of the slight evils that we have, and not at all of the far greater evils that we have escaped. If a man stamps violently, though it be but once, on another's toes, that other must needs speak of it with peevish discontent, when he should rather be thankful that he was born a man and not a doormat. If you like our adventures, try our moralizations. They are very good to-day.

At last I did contrive to set aside my gloomy speculations, calling to my mind the evils that I had escaped, for I might have been a cuckoo, or a cucumber, or a corkscrew, but in truth I was none of these things. Presently my parrot came into the cave, being now well dried after the same manner that I had been wont to use for my clay pipkins; and in reply to many kind inquiries desired to state that it felt pretty well, but that some evil-disposed person or persons had shrunk a steel band on to its head and filled it up with fireworks. It then gave its celebrated imitation of the drawing of a cork, and overcame by the painfulness of the association I left the cave.

The sight that now met my eyes was one to set my blood in a ferment. On the beach before me was a complete suit of clothes neatly folded and surmounted by a pair of gilt-rimmed spectacles; by the side of these lay two towels, an imitation Panama, and two of Jamling's beach or yachting shoes at two-and-eleven.

Here, then, was all that I needed ready to my hand, and even some superfluity, for I was resolute to keep my own goat skin coat, nor were the spectacles of any use to me; but the rest, and more especially the . . . were the greatest boon, as otherwise I had been compelled to wait in discomfort and with no provision until the dusk, and even so had gone forth extremely cold and shivering. So first I summoned my parrot to witness my great good fortune, at which it was deeply affected, leaning against a rock for support, and exclaiming, "Well, I'm jiggered." Then overcome with gratitude I burst into tears, as I might well afford to do with two large towels to wipe them away. But presently I observed a young man swimming towards us in great agitation shouting, "Put those things down, can't you?" and "Leave them alone, won't you?" and other such phrases. At this I made my change as swiftly as might be, keeping of that which I had before worn no more than the belt with the money in it and my goat-skin coat; and the young man coming now to land I folded up my parrot and slipped it into my pocket and ran with all speed up the face of the cliff.

I had perhaps done better if I had killed this fellow, which I might easily have accomplished, for I had my musket and powder-horn with my other gear in the cave; but of the powder there was very little now remaining, and I had determined to be sparing of it until I knew better what the resources of this country might be. However, he soon relinquished his pursuit of me, seeing it to be hopeless; for by long practice I had become very fleet of foot. Indeed, in my last place it had been my custom to chase the antelopes, aye, and to catch them too, though not for their meat so much as for their plumage, which, being lined chamois throughout, was useful to me in many ways. This fellow, then, seeing that I had reached the top of the cliff, and that he could not come at me, began to use the most horrid oaths and imprecations, to which I made reply that if he would not desist and learn better conduct, I would hurl down some considerable rock, which would knock the top of his head into his throat and choke him. The proceedings then terminated. For the continuation of this very funny story see *PEA-SONS WEEKLY*. Out to-day.



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OUR THRILLING SERIAL STORY.

The Mysterious Millionaire.

BY SIDNEY DREW.

KIT INSPECTS THE "DESTROYER."

He could hardly see across the fore-castle for the dense clouds of tobacco smoke which filled it. Muldoon had the gloves on, and was sparring with a young fellow three inches shorter than himself.

The youngster did not seem in any great hurry to get to close quarters with the redoubtable Terence.

"Come, darlint," said Terry coaxingly; "don't be frightened now, me jooil. I'll be as jintle as a lamb wid two tails. Shure I'd sooner swallow a peck of prussic acid in pills bigger nor cocoanuts than hurrt wan hair of your little head. Faith, me hardest blow wouldn't tickle the backbone of a fly, would it, Micky?"

"It wouldn't burrt a bubble av the bubble was made of cast-iron," said Micky. He winked at the youngster.

"Hello!" he cried. "What's that on the flure? Is it a suv'rin yez have dropped, Terry?"

The misguided Terry fell into the snare and turned to look. He got a blow on the side of the head that made his teeth dance and two more on the chest that made every rib rattle. Before he could decide what was happening a fourth blow felled him, and amid howls of laughter Micky held up the watch.

"Toime," he said, "and next man av yez plaze. That was what I call a very purty bit of sparrin'. The foine way the bhoys came along at the ind of the last round was as nate a thing as iv'er I seed except me own portrait in oils which was hung in the R'yal Academy last year for all the heireses to fall in love wid. I proclaim the bhoys winner. Terrence Muldoon, I am ashamed of you. Get up, and don't wear the flure out. Somewan else has found the suv'rin. He's got a sthring tied to it for safety, knowin' that there was a few loose characters loike yersilf knockin' about."

Terry grinned. The horseplay in the fore-castle was generally of the roughest kind, but it was always good-humoured.

Amid roars of mirth he scrambled to his feet.

"Mike," he said, "yez are a black-guardly thafe. Is this the way yez welcomes yer long-lost brother?"

"If I had a brother with a face loike that," said Micky promptly, "I'd use him for a door-scraper."

Peter Gay threw off his jacket, and, donning the gloves faced Terry. His wonderful quickness in dodging blows elicited rounds of applause, but he had not the weight or the natural skill of the Irishman, and retired hot and defeated, but laughing heartily.

"Next, av yez plaze," said the timekeeper. "Kape the kettle goin'."

The invitation was not accepted. "Look at that now," said Micky, gazing round him reproachfully; "here's a whole cargo of young gentlemen, all of them two fate, two hands, and the usual number of noses and mouths apiece (the last-named bein' very big for their soize), and yet yez are afraid to sthand up to a lump of dough loike that. Faith, I'm ashamed of yez all."

"Why don't yez tackle him yourself, Mike?" asked Kit.

"I should eat him up."

"Oh! leave a little bit for the cat," laughed Pete, the scout. "Don't eat him all."

This sally evoked more laughter.

"Bedad," said Micky, scratching his head, "I'll think of the poor hungry cat later. I'm only half Terry's weight, but I'll box him à la parleyvoo frongsay trez bong-bong, and knock so much dust out of him that yez'll think it's a sand-storm. Terry, me lump of dough, will yez take the little bit of goold on under the parleyvoo rules?"

"Under any rules, me jooil," grinned Terry.

"And av I kill yez," said Micky, "will yez leave a written confession that yez was run over by a traction-engine and died accidentally of measles? I don't want hangin' for murder."

"I'll leave anythin' yez loike, me bhoys, barrin' a lock of me hair and a blessin'!"

As usual when Terry and Micky began to exchange chaff and banter, the listeners enjoyed themselves.

Both the lusty, honest-hearted Irishmen were quick of wit and

ready at repartee. With his tongue Micky was, if anything, more than a match for his comrade, though, when in the mood, Muldoon could run him very closely.

"Here," said Terry, "what are yez up to at all?"

"Where's your eyes, silly?" answered the gunner, who was taking off his boots; "can't yez see that I'm curlin' me moustache? Chuck me two pairs of gloves. I am now goin' to introduce this select company to a display of boxin' under the parleyvoo rules. I put two gloves on me little dainty tribbles and two on me hands. This is Ireland versus France. The man who wins gets a goold medal if the stakeholder hasn't pawned it before the foight."

They shrieked as Micky stood up with gloves on both hands and feet.

"Howld on a minute," said Terry. "Bedad, bhoys, ain't he the very picture of a goriller? Howld on a bit. What are the rules?"

"Just the same," said Micky. "No hittin' below the belt. Bring in his coffin. Are yez ready?"

"I am."

"Then the band stroikes up at wance."

The spectators laughed till their sides ached. Micky, the gunner, was as nimble as a kitten. He was nearly as clever with his feet as with his hands. The way his feet hammered and pounded Terry's ribs was a revelation.

And the climax came when he suddenly dodged a blow and turning an unexpected catherine wheel, planted both feet at once on Terry's face. Terry stumbled and fell on his back. Micky calmly stood on his comrade's brawny chest and yelled:

"Victory, victory! Bedad, bring in the coffin."

A blow in the middle of the back hurled him into the arms of Pete, the scout.

"Yez little imp," panted Terry breathlessly, "didn't yez say there was no hittin' below the belt?"

"For shure I did."

"Then, what do yez mane by it? Yez have hit me a dozen toimes."

"Spake the thruth, darlint," said Micky soothingly; "I never did."

"Harrk at him now, do. Why, everywan seed yez."

Micky shook his head.

"It's dhramin' yez are, Terry," he murmured. "The rules says there's to be no hittin' below the belt, and d'yez think I'd be mane enough to play foul? I niver hit yez below the belt at all, at all. As an honourable man, wid a vote and several pigeons at home, av the cats ain't sthole 'em, I'd scorn to do it. I may have kicked yez a few toimes. The rules say nothin' agen kicking!"

The fore-castle rang with shrieks of mirth, and Terry joined in the laughter as heartily as anyone.

"Well, that's thrue enough," he admitted; "quite thrue. But boxin' is a thirsty job, and there's a mug of rum here. Av yez'll bring yer mugs I'll be plazed to serve yez."

Some of the men, in sailor fashion, drank their grog neat, but Kit's troopers preferred theirs diluted.

"Slip off to the tank, Jack," said Micky to the young fellow who had been boxing with Muldoon, "and bring a jug of wather. The cook'll lend yez a pail of some sort."

The lad—he was only a lad, though broad-shouldered and well-knit—hurried away. Time passed, and he did not return.

"That's quare," said Micky—"moighty quare. He's generally such a sharrp bhoys to do what he's towld. Av he starts wastin' toime talkin' to the cook when he's sent on an errand he'll be gettin' into trouble wid his shuperior officers. Why," he added with a grin, "the grog'll be cowl."

Still the youngster did not return. Micky took a rope's-end from his pocket.

"I'll go and foind him meself," he remarked, "and argue with him gently."

The lad was not in the galley. The cook stated that he had borrowed a jug ten minutes before and gone straight to the tank.

The tanks were behind the engine-room, approached by a railed platform. In the well below, through the glazed roof, the engines could be seen. Micky passed from the blazing



Elderly Spinster: "You know, Doctor, I'm always thinking that a man is following me. Do you think I suffer from hallucinations?"
Doctor: "Absolutely certain you do, Ma'am."

Drawn by Lawson Wood.

light of a hissing arc-lamp to the semi-gloom of the tank-room.

There were three monstrous zinc tanks forming three-quarters of a square. It was necessary for a vessel like the *Destroyer* to carry a large quantity of water. The most perfect work of human hands is not infallible, and the *Destroyer* journeyed in strange places. Her driving gear might break down when she was travelling over some arid plain, and weeks might pass before the damage could be repaired. Graydon Garth had foreseen all this.

Micky struck a match and uttered an exclamation of surprise. An enamelled jug lay at his feet, and the tap was running slowly. But where was the lad?

He filled the jug himself and went back to the fore-castle, vowing vengeance against the faithless messenger, unless the messenger on his return could give an exceptionally good excuse. Muldoon was singing an Irish song, and Micky forgot both the lad and his ill-temper as he accompanied the song on his concertina. A hughle sounded.

"Bedad," said Muldoon, "that's roll-call. It reminds me of the old days to bear it. Tumble up."

The men formed on deck under the blazing electric light. The acroft was barely moving. Overhead the whole sky was aglow with stars.

Graydon Garth stood lazily against the aft rail, dressed as if for the theatre, puffing at one of his everlasting cigarettes. His eyes half-closed, watched Leckburn dreamily as the young lord called the roll.

Twenty-six did not answer, and twenty-six was the number of Jack Bavington. After a slight pause the next man responded, and the dismiss was sounded. Terry, who had been checking the names, saluted.

"Jack Bavington is missing, my lord."

"Oh!" drawled Graydon Garth. "Please discover the reason, Muldoon, and ask for an explanation of his absence. If you are not satisfied with it punish him."

"Yes, my lord."

Terry turned away.

"One moment. He is a good lad, is he not?"

"I never knowed him shirk before, my lord, I can't understand it."

"Then send him to Lord Leckburn," drawled Graydon Garth. "Ned, I want you to interview this young Bavington. I do not want to be harsh to-night of all nights, so you had better punish him. Give him to understand what discipline on the *Destroyer* means."

He bent over the rail and looked down. The starlight was reflected in the dark waters of Lake Tanganyika. "Jack's in luck," muttered Terry.

"Av it had been my lord he wouldn't have got off so aisy."

He searched in vain. No one had seen young Bavington since he had left the galley for the tank-room.

The mystery deepened. Where was Number twenty-six?

Terry, his face full of anxiety, knocked softly at the door of the state-room. As there was no reply he knocked again. Then he ventured to open the door. The room was untenanted. He made his way to Leckburn's cabin. A deep voice told him to come in. Leckburn was stretched on his bed yawning over a novel.

"Plaze, sor—I mean yer lordship—we can't foind twenty-six."

"It should be between twenty-five and twenty-seven," said Leckburn, sitting up. "Why, man alive, what's the matter? You look quite scared. Twenty-six? Do you mean you can't find that youngster?"

"We've turned the ship inside out."

"And he's not to be found?"

"Not a shadder of him, my lord."

Leckburn sprang from the bed. Hurried footsteps rang on the steel plates of the corridor. He flung open the door. A man, carrying a bunch of keys and a dish containing food in his hand, was dashing towards the state-room.

"What's wrong?"

The man pulled himself up with a salute.

"The prisoner has wriggled out of his irons."

"Done what?" drawled the calm, quiet voice of Graydon Garth.

He had appeared like a ghost.

"Escaped, my lord."

Leckburn and Muldoon looked at each other meaningly. Garth yawned.

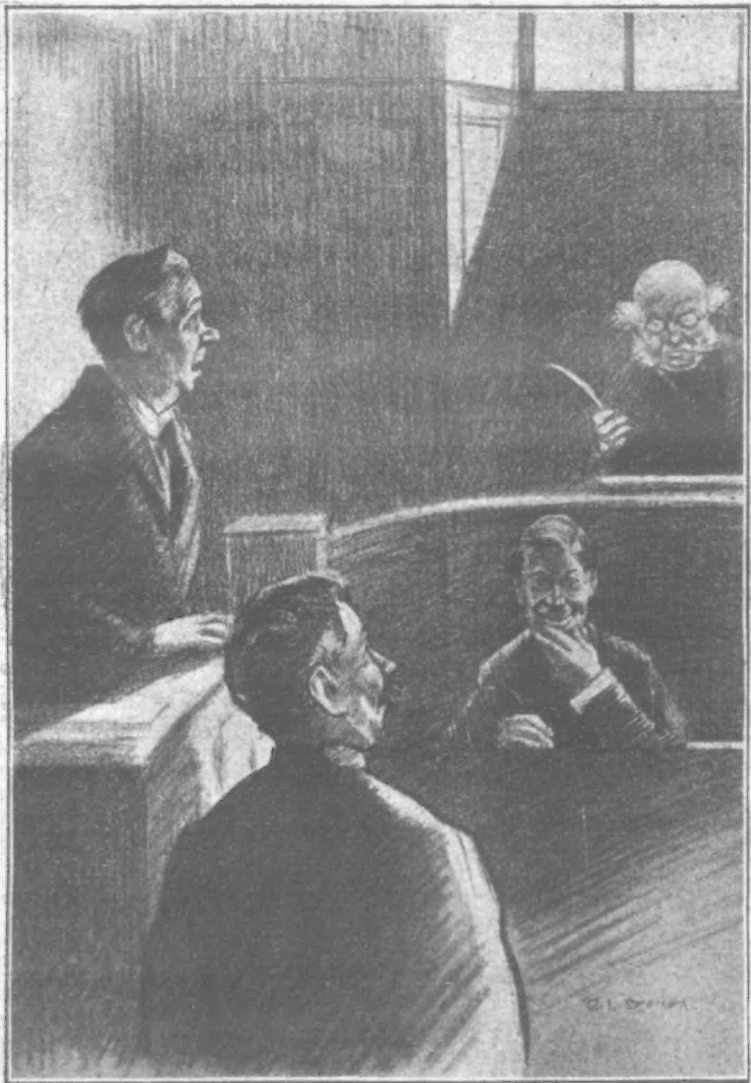
"Where did you put him?"

"Next the tank-room, my lord. The irons are there unbroken, and still fast to the ring. He must have climbed the twelve-foot bulkhead."

(To be continued.)



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.
A member of the Garda Republicaine Band using the now "snorting" instrument.



Magistrate: "What's your name?"
Prisoner (named Simpson, and a stammerer): "Ss—ss—ss—ss—"
Magistrate: "Constable, what's the prisoner charged with?"
Constable: "Sounds like ginger-beer, yer Worship."

Drawn by G. L. Stampa.

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